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POPULAR TALES.

Prize Tale.

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BOONESBOROUGH II.

BY MRS. JULIA L. DUMONT.

(Concluded.)

Major Worthington smiled at the enthusiasm with which even the cold, harsh aspect of Herbert Allen, had become instinct, but it had awakened in his own mind a train of serious though familiar thought. Among these adventurers was the unfortunate Howard Everill, and this—a circumstance of which he was aware, had been in itself sufficient to awaken the liveliest interest in their fate. But concurring events had operated to give it increasing strength. He had himself received for early revolutionary services a grant of land in those distant wilds—this had led to inquiries resulting in many a high colored picture of that field of enterprise—and vague purposes of a removal thither, that wanted only a breath to give them form, were already floating through his mind.

'Surely,' he said, 'if the glory of the patriot is the guerdon of him who rushes forth to the exciting storm of battle to secure the freedom of his country, is it not equally so of him who goes forth upon the silent and obscure paths of danger and death to extend its boundaries or to redeem its fairest portions from the wilderness. Herbert, my sphere of usefulness has become a narrow one, and age has not yet exempted me from the duties which man owes to those who must occupy his place.—Why should I not also join this band of adventurers to whom even a solitary individual must be a welcome accession of strength? A few days and this query had resolved itself into a determined purpose, awaiting only his recovered strength for fulfilment. And was Avoline, so delicate, so gentle, to be subjected to the dangers of this removal? No! dear as she had become to him, it was now incumbent upon him to transfer her to other guardianship.—Ah, how little he knew of woman's strong nature. "Think you," she inquired, "that I, who endured so long a desert of the heart, shall shrink from the terrors of a forest. Would you consign me again to those, in whose glance I shall vainly seek for tenderness? No, my dear uncle, under your care only have I found a home, and your home shall still be mine, though it be surrounded with gloom, and danger, and privation.'

Major Worthington caught her to his heart.—'My beloved child, in this you shall be umpire; and with such a charge surely I may feel more confidence in the protection of the Most High.'

'Herbert,' he said, as shaking off his own weakness, with the disappearance of his niece, he turned to his young friend—'why, what is the matter? are you too unmanned by the tears of a petted girl?'

'Nothing, Sir,' and pulling his hat over his pale and agitated brow, he would have left the room.

'Herbert,' said the Major, a sudden thought giving to his manner an unwonted seriousness, 'stay yet a moment—it is necessary we understand each other. The artificial distance existing between us a few months since, is at an end. We are going forth upon a perilous companionship, united by mutual confidence and reliance upon each other. Shall we not add to these yet another bond? I know not the heart of my child, but if, as I suspect, she has an interest in yours, my influence shall be warmly exerted in your favor—You do not answer me—am I then deceived? Is Avoline an object of indifference?'

'Indifference! Eternal God!' exclaimed the soldier, and covering his face with his hands, he stood for some moments the image of passionate agony. A brief struggle however, and it had passed. He took his hands from the brow where not a trace of life was now visible, and turned full towards him. 'Look at me!' he said in a low voice, whose very calmness told of appalling effort—'Nay, sir, not as man glances at the friend he loves, seeing but his naked, unclogged heart—but as woman, fastidious woman, beholds all of human form—and think you whether I am one to stir the tides of her soft and shrinking nature? Major Worthington, you have wrenched from me a secret, that I thought was sealed—ah! forever, in the deepest fastnesses of my heart. But no matter, *you* only have witnessed my weakness; let it now be forgotten. There are other and stronger fountains that must satisfy my spirit.'

'Romantic boy,' thought the Major, as Herbert rushed from the room. 'We will see whether he is to be sacrificed to his own sensitive delicacy, or whether Avoline Brentford is not superior to the prejudices of her sex.'

'Love him!' exclaimed Avoline, as her uncle proceeded in his unauthorised negotiation. 'Think of him otherwise than as one whom you deservedly esteem!'—and the maiden gasped for breath as with the presence of some spectral vision.

'And this is woman's appreciation of merit'—thought the disappointed Worthington; 'this is the whole amount of that depth and holiness of feeling with which so many a fine sentence is rounded off. A baby devotion to pictures—a perception only of the eye. It is fitting Herbert should know it—though he condemn my violation of his trust. Passion is often fed by hopes of which we are ourselves unconscious.'

But Herbert heard it all with calmness. 'To the blind,' he said with a bitter smile, 'there is no extinction of light—you have only subjected me to another effort—Avoline must know she has nothing more to fear of importunity—Even now, as I passed her, her eye was averted, and her cheek was blanched.' And with a manner of perfect composure, though the paleness of death was upon his brow and cheek, he stood a few days after alone by the fair form of the trembling maiden: 'Nay, do not fly me, Avoline, it is but for a moment—the first—the last your gentle nature shall be thus shocked. 'Tis but to restore to your pure spirit that wonted serenity which a mistaken disclosure has so greatly disturbed. I may not now disclaim the sentiments that have incurred your displeasure, however extorted from me in a moment of overwhelming emotion. I have loved you, Miss Brentford—*have* loved—I must still love—no matter with what power. It is a sentiment neither presumptuous in itself, nor humbling to you. Whatever its strength, it is not of hope—the doom that has shut forever the possibility of happiness is sealed upon my every sense—however maddening its thrillings, they are not of selfishness—and wildly, fearfully as it may sweep over my soul, an allusion to its existence shall never more give you pain. Let it from this moment be forever effaced from your memory, and the only boon I crave is, that you would restore me to that cold regard which I yet claim as the reward of justice.'

Avoline breathed with difficulty. Collected as were the voice and manner of the speaker, there was still something in them that evidenced feelings, mastered only by powerful effort, and the marble fixedness of his brow was contracted by a tremulous convulsion of lip, telling of that sickness of the heart, with which the spirit submits to the utter conviction of a blighted and irredeemable destiny. At that moment too, of deeply awakened pity, the quiet virtues and the high worth of Herbert Allen rose before her, and Avoline would have given the universe to have rendered him happy. 'Herbert,' she replied, with a deepened cheek, 'listen to me a moment, and impute not your unrequited affection to a cause, that could not operate upon a just or a feeling heart. Long before I knew you, while yet a mere child, for I was an unloved and neglected one, and my desolate heart instinctively turned to some object to whom its unvalued affections might cling, there was *one* whose look and tones were those of kindness—on whom my whole soul's trust was bestowed. Time has but strengthened this early attachment, and though I may never meet him again, my heart is consecrated to his memory. Receive this disclosure, not made without pain, as an acknowledgement of my sense of your worth. It will enable you, I trust, to subdue stronger sentiments to the quiet tone of friendship, and then indeed I can easily and forever restore to you that perfect freedom of regard that has hitherto marked our intercourse.'

When they again met, it was as those who had held no other communion than is embraced by the

common interests of a household. These interests indeed, were soon more closely condensed. A short time after, and they were no longer surrounded by the engrossing scenes and mingling events of every day life; they moved no longer amid the diverging attractions, the jostling claims and whirling interests, of society. The scenes which had hitherto formed the whole world of their thought, were shut from their view, and they were moving on a path of bright waters to a world of primeval wildness. All around them was intense, limitless, unimaginable solitude. It is amid scenes like these that hearts become more closely allied. The dust of life's more common paths no longer chokes up the avenues of feeling: amid scenes like these too, the plainest practical virtues assume a cast of elevation, and confer a new ascendancy upon the character. Amid the difficulties of an untried enterprise, Herbert Allen stood in a strengthened and yet more attractive light. His ready self-abandonment—his inexhaustible expedients—his unwearied vigilance threw around him a kind of power by which the counsels of every emergency were controlled; while the constant contact in which they were now brought, was hourly developing to Avoline, those softer traits of mind and feeling which woman only can appreciate. Time too, had been gradually softening the stern traces of sanguinary conflict upon his face and form. The contracted muscles that had given so distorted a cast to his features, had recovered their flexibility. The deep scars of his brow and cheek were becoming daily less apparent, and the halt in his gait, now scarcely perceptible, was more than cancelled by a natural ease and high freedom of movement, which continual exercise and perfect health had now restored; while his countenance was at times lit up with a sudden expression of energy and passionate thought, giving to his whole aspect a character of breathing spirit.

It was the midsummer, and one of those violent storms so common to that season, had driven our voyagers to the shore. It passed, but not altogether harmlessly. An uprooted tree had struck the bow of their boat, and all hands were for some hours employed in repairing the injury. Avoline ascended the bank and looked wistfully through the green arcades of the forest—a breath of flowers and the mingled hum of insects, and the sound of running waters, came upon her charmed sense.—She felt like the captive bird suddenly loosened to the free air of heaven, and almost as unconscious of danger, she followed the windings of a small tributary, threading its silvery way from the distant hills. The gloom of solitude was no longer around her—all was living beauty; a slight breeze relieved the hot noontide, and gave a stir of life to the delicate branches and clustering leaves above her. Avoline felt like one to whom a new sense had been suddenly given, and time and distance were forgotten. A quick step aroused her, and Herbert Allen stood beside her.

'Avoline, dearest Avoline, why are you here?'—His voice was agitated, and the rifle he bore, now reminded her of the danger she had so thoughtlessly incurred. 'Come, let us hasten back—this is no place for lonely rambles,' and drawing her arm under his, he drew hurriedly towards the river. A shot, followed by several, suddenly broke the silence of their path. 'Great God, I was not mistaken!'—Avoline, he said, exerting over himself a strong effort—'do not be alarmed—our men are probably engaged in a slight fray, but I can bear you

off to a place of safety till it is past,' and breaking suddenly from their course, he bore her through the tangled underbrush till they had attained the bank some distance above the place of conflict. 'Hide yourself in this thicket—I must join our men, but will return soon—at all events stay till you receive some signal. Now God have mercy!' he respired as having flung himself upon his face, as he attained the place of strife, he obtained a view of the combatants. Major Worthington had that moment fallen, and a dark figure, whose scalping knife flashed in the sunbeams as he circled it round the head of his victim, was bending over him. The whizzing of a ball and the death cry of the savage were sounds of the same moment, and as he fell back, Herbert Allen with a shout of triumph sprang exultingly forward.—'Bear him to the boats men—Bryan,' he continued, to one, whose hunter's garb and unmoved countenance designated a veteran of the frontier, 'the remainder are *our* work. We must dispose of *them*. A fierce struggle followed. There were only two of the savages, and with these Herbert and the hunter were now strongly grappled. The 'stormy joy' of the battle field, the excitement of its rushing impulses, and its promised guerdon of glory, have no part in a strife like this. It was a struggle of life with death—death without fame, naked and appalling. A sound of triumph broke from the forest, and a third, savage, in whose bearing there was the pride of chieftainship, stood gazing with a gleaming eye upon the yet undecided strife.

'Shaw-way-no!' exclaimed the hunter, with a tone of recognition, and the savage, returning a sound of similar import, advanced to the combatants. A monosyllable—less—a sign, and the fate of the white men was decided,—they were bound as captives. And what was to become of Avoline? Regardless of all but her, even amid the death-grapple in which he had been clutched, Herbert Allen had turned with his first power of utterance to the boats to apprise their men, now in safety, of her covert. The boats! merciful heaven—with the first glimpse of an accession to the enemy they had been unmoored—they were already floating far on the stream, and his calls, maddened as they now were to frenzy, awakened but the quiet echoes of the hills.

'Oh God! oh God! these things! now indeed they are unendurable. Base craven,' he said, as he met the eye of his fellow prisoner turned on him with a kind of careless pity. 'Is life, in the hands of these monsters, so very joyous to *you*, that you have bought it thus instead of selling it for all we might of their blood?'

'Why man,' said the other calmly, 'we may sell a life in these here parts, a most any day in the week! but as for buying one, I reckon there is a heap of difference; so you may as well make much of your scalp while you have it. After all, I have seen many a yellow sun set upon a stormy day,' and again turning composedly to the Indian Chief, he pointed where he had deposited a large bottle of his own favorite liquor. The snaky eyes of his victors glistened. It was a spoil of no ordinary value, and with their prisoners in their midst, they again struck into the forest. Night came—their encampment was pitched, and the bottle, reserved to dissipate the fatigues of the day, was speedily exhausted. The artificial exhilaration it produced passed into heavy and deathlike slumber; and no sound was now heard among that outstretched group, save the bursting groans of Herbert Allen.

'And this man sleeps!' he exclaimed, as he

looked at his fellow captive, in whose deep drawn breath there was every indication of sound repose. 'Mysterious God, of what pulseless clay hast thou formed some of thy creatures.' There was a slight stir—the hunter was drawing towards him with his feet a knife, dropt by one of the savages, and on which the waning fire light shed a dull glare. It was achieved—his own thongs and those of his companion were cut in breathless silence, and the philosophic hunter stood upon his feet, with a countenance upon which every trace of its wonted character of indolence had given place to a dark expression of deadly hate and ferocious purpose.

Herbert, though no stranger to the peculiarities of the western borderer, looked at him with surprise. It was not a moment however for idle speculation, but of stern necessity, in which no compromise might be made with the fierce dictates of self preservation. Blood—the blood of unconscious *sleepers*, whose wild lineaments were yet those of humanity, though in the exterminating strife waged with their race they were shut from its common immunities—was yet to be shed, and it was only for Herbert to obey the look with which his companion, who now stood between two of the swarthy slumberers, with the instrument of death already lifted over each, sternly assigned him his part in the sacrifice. It was consummated—no one was left in that encampment whom the coming day might awaken to retrace their steps, and our liberated captives were at last silently, but joyfully, rethreading their course through the forest. The morning's sun looked brightly upon the scene of the previous day's contest, and near it upon the long wet grass lay the senseless Avoline. Beside her knelt Herbert Allen; and at no great distance the careless figure of the hunter, again restored to an appearance of imperturbable contentment, stood leaning upon his rifle.

'Avoline, my beloved Avoline!' exclaimed the agitated Herbert: 'God be praised, you are safe!' and with the sound of his impassioned accents the wandering senses and the strength of the maiden, which had alike fled before that night of horrors, were at length recalled to a full conviction of life and safety.

'And so,' said Bryan, 'the life you would have flung away but yesterday, sets mighty comfortably on you this morning—Well, well, jist mind it for the future, and don't ever fling away your rifle because you do not see no tracks. But come, we must be moving; it is some years since my last hunt hereabouts, but if I don't disremember, I can strike a pretty straight course to Boonesborough yet; it will take us some days to reach there, but if this young woman's strength don't fail, why, it will only be a change in our mode of traveling.' Herbert shuddered as he looked at the almost ethereal figure of the scarcely recovered Avoline, and thought how unequal was such a being to the exertions so imperiously required; but who shall measure the strength, even of the frailest form, in the soul's deep purpose? Amid the untrodden depths of that far forest, and through the long, sultry hours of the burning noon-tide, our little party passed on, and still the cheek of that delicate maiden lost not its coloring, nor her smile its brightness. The brow of him who noted every variation of her countenance, as the mother watches those of her sick child, was occasionally clouded. The tenderness, into which the excitement of the recent events had betrayed him, had given place to silence and reserve; and as he sometimes bore her over the difficult passes of the hills, or across an intervening stream, an

expression of conflicting emotion and passionate despondence wrought his features with a strange power. As the day declined, the preternatural strength that had supported Avoline gave way to the feebleness of humanity, and the travelers, after preparing a rude supper from the spoils of the hunter's rifle, raised a tent of branches for her repose. The hunter flung himself on his gun. 'We must keep,' he said, 'an alternate watch through the night,'—and his cares were the next moment forgotten in peaceful slumber. The full moon shed a flood of light through the forest; a cloud of odors rose on the soft breath of the evening, and as the eye of Avoline was lifted to the scene of beauty—so wild, so solemn, so impressive—it met the fixed gaze of her preserver.—That gaze was full of tenderness; and a painful consciousness of an unnatural, but entire dependence, so utterly at variance with the cherished scruples of a pure and delicate mind, colored her pale cheek. 'Avoline,' said Herbert Allen, and the solemnity of his tones fell upon her heart like the sprinklings of the baptismal cup. 'I deserve your trust—sleep only can restore your exhausted strength, and let your rest be as *hers* over whom a brother keeps vigil.' The unsettled light in the troubled eye of the maiden, gave instant place to a look of grateful serenity; and a slumber as tranquil as the moonlight that lay on the closed flowers around her, soon fell on her weary spirit. The voice of the hunter, chiding Herbert, who was yet walking near her, for suffering him to sleep through the whole night's watch, was the first sound to which she awakened. She sprang from her couch, and extended him her hand. The grey light of early day heightened the paleness of fatigue and watching, and Avoline felt *how* deep was the interest, that had supported him through such continued exertion. Her own strength was indeed restored; and their journey was resumed with the elastic step of renewed hope. The consciousness of the dangers that hovered on their path, blunted the sense of privation and fatigue, and perhaps the gentle spirit of Avoline drew something of its strength from the conviction, at all times soothing to the soul of woman, that her slightest suffering was noted and felt with all the depth of intense and passionate sympathy. But whatever were her sources of support, their path of peril was measured with but little delay from the feebleness of the lovely journeyer, and the rude but massive walls, that promised them security and repose, were at length before them. The fortress of Boonesborough at that time presented an assemblage of stern men—men, who stood prepared and girded up to encounter suffering, to grapple with dangerous adventure, as with a pestilence, and to meet with death as a familiar and unappalling presence. Some of *these* were doubtless thus nerved by the desperation, attending conscious crime; and there were others, who with a nature framed only for the smoother paths of life, had been strengthened for their present field of stormy action, by the deep, though silent appeal, that reaches a father's heart from his own circle of loved ones, doomed to a life of penury. But by far the greater part were men accustomed from infancy to deeds of high though obscure daring—borderers, reared upon the frontiers of the different states, and unused to other paths than those of the savage or of the game of the forest. Some of the better feelings of our nature are, however, far less affected by rugged and even ferocious pursuit, than by the artificial distinctions of refined life; and

beneath the harsh aspects, assembled in that garrison of the wilderness, there beat many a pulse of kindness and hospitality. There was joy too there with the arrival of our little party—such joy as is felt amid the desolation of the deep, when meeting ships exchange glad greetings. The fugitives announced an approaching accession to their strength, and a party was speedily fitted out to meet the boats, and assist them in ascending their own picturesque and romantic stream. Our harassed voyagers stood indeed in need of this support: a fever, the consequence of his wounds, had rendered all a chaos to Major Worthington, from the moment of his rescue from the scalping knife, and in Herbert and Bryan they had lost all other efficient resource. Our little band of veterans was consequently met with the most animated welcome, and even the suffering Major seemed suddenly recalled to recollection as the voice of his beloved Herbert, now soothing the half frantic Edward, with assurances of Avoline's safety—now inquiring with almost equal incoherence after his own wounds, met his ear. Herbert had indeed cherished the most painful apprehensions for his friend, and as he now learned that with the care and repose, which safety would afford, he would probably recover, he approached his couch with a countenance, telling of deeper feelings than language may utter.—Nothing more occurred to mark the remainder of their voyage. The navigation of our streams was at that time a monotony of fatigue, but it was then shared by strong hearts and nervous frames. They reached Boonesborough in safety, and even the pallid features of the Major lighted up with pleasure.

'Is not Howard Everill,' he inquired, as they bore him to the fort and laid him on a couch that had been prepared for him by the hand of Avoline, 'an officer of this garrison?' Some one broke through the surrounding crowd, and the friends were the next moment locked in a deep and mutual embrace.

'You are much altered,' said Major Worthington, when, except Herbert Allen, who sat with his face buried in his hands, in an obscure part of the room, they were at length left alone.—'Yet it is but a few years since we last met.' 'Alas!' replied Everill, evidently unconscious of the presence of a third person, 'the branding impress of shame had not then passed over my brow. Tell me,—and a purple flush stained his sunken and sallow cheek, 'tell me if you have ever heard aught of my wretched boy?' 'Nothing—though my inquiries have never been wholly discontinued.' Everill was for a moment silent—his eye was restless and bloodshot, and his breast heaved with obvious effort. 'Major Worthington,' he at last said in a low voice, 'I owe it to your friendship, to acknowledge that I know its extent. The guilt and shame of my unhappy boy are no secret to my withered soul.'

'How,' exclaimed the Major, shocked beyond the power of disguising his extreme embarrassment, 'what mean you—is it possible—who can have dared—to whom indeed was it,—'

'Accident'—resumed the unfortunate father, in that forced tone of stifled calmness that tells the depth of suppressed agony: 'Accident threw me in contact with some *one*, a stranger to me, but who seemed to know you familiarly, who was at that moment detailing to another of your friends some failure in a matter of considerable moment to you in consequence of a messenger's basely purloining a sum of money, you had entrusted to his care. "And was there no redress for him," inquired the

other. I listened attentively, for whatever involved your name was to me matter of interest, and the reply came with a horrible distinctness on my ear that has left an eternal ringing in my brain, rousing me even from the heavy sleep of labour—from the quiet of midnight. "Oh no," was that reply, "he never even disclosed who the wretch was; and instead of seeking redress, smuggled the affair entirely up. The truth is, I believe the money was taken by one of his clerks—a young Everill, whom you may remember. An idle—ignorant fellow, whom he could only have kept about him on account of an old friendship with his father, and for whose sake I suppose, the affair was not disclosed—at all events, he absconded at that very juncture." "Worthington," continued the unhappy Everill, as the large drops now broke from his furrowed brow with the dreadful effort he had made, and the features, grown rigid with suppressed suffering, were strongly convulsed; "Worthington, even now give praise to Him, who in taking from you the wife of your idolatry, took also the babes through whom *only* you might have learned the extent of the soul's deepest agony. Since that hour of terrible conviction, I have seen fathers standing over the mangled and bloody corpses of their sons, and have looked upon them with a withering and criminal envy. What were the traces of the tomahawk on the fair brows of their boys, to the disfiguring blots on the soul of mine." Major Worthington was affected even to tears. He felt it impossible to offer consolation, and only extended his hand to him in silence. But Howard Everill had learned the hard lesson of mastering his own individual sorrows, and he was soon able to speak with calmness, and on other subjects. "I have but just," he said, "returned from a hunt of some days, and have not yet learned the particulars of these wounds?" Major Worthington gladly detailed the minutiae of their voyage. In speaking of Herbert Allen, to whose opportune rescue he owed his existence, he alluded to his many virtues with no small degree of enthusiasm. "Come forward, Herbert," he now added, looking towards the young man, who yet remained in an attitude of apparent torpor, "come forward, my dear Herbert—he who is to me as a beloved son must not remain unknown to him, who has been the friend of my whole life—Why, what is the matter, Allen—have you?"

But the surprise to which Herbert's still immovable attitude gave rise was at once suspended by the bustle attendant upon bringing in at that moment a wounded man—a soldier of the garrison, who in venturing alone too far beyond its walls had been fired upon by the savages. He was laid upon a mattress in the same apartment, and his dying eye, for it was evidently glazing with death, almost immediately caught the features of the Major, beside whom he was laid. "Major Worthington?" he exclaimed, "or is it only a resemblance to remind me at this terrible moment of my crimes?" "My name is Worthington," said the Major, leaning compassionately towards him—"do you then know me?"

"Ah, but too well—and yet if I am to die, may I not by acknowledgment, lessen my account. Why, I have no blood upon my hands—no perjury on my soul. Is guilt then so very fearful a thing that its lesser deeds weigh upon one so heavily. My course of wickedness, Major Worthington, has been but a short one, for when you first knew me, idleness had been my only crime." "Poor fellow—I have no recollection of having ever known you—when or where?"—"I was for years an idler in your neigh-

borhood, but not indeed *one* likely to be noted by such as *you* were. Still I injured you, and much more greatly yet, I fear, a youth belonging to your household. One Verni Everill, to whom you must recollect having given a sum of money to take some half a day's journey. I met him early on his way, and he offered me some reward to take it for him. I readily undertook its conveyance, but a momentary suggestion of crime led me to break the seal."

"Hear you this?" interrupted the enthusiastic Worthington, turning to the gasping Everill, who stood listening to the tale with a breathless intensity of emotion—"hear you this, my friend?—but go on my poor fellow, you broke the packet, and—" "And fled with the money it contained. I afterwards learned that young Everill had left your house and gone into the army, and I had little doubt but my guilt had rested upon him." "God be praised!" exclaimed Howard Everill, sinking upon his knees; and Herbert Allen, now springing forward, stood with clasped hands before him—"My father—my father! look at me, your son—the shame has fallen from your name—God has withdrawn his chastening in his own due time—Acknowledge and bless your own." "And is it even so?" murmured the excited Worthington, as his benevolent gaze, now radiated with joy, rested upon the locked forms of the father and son, so strangely ransomed from dishonor.—"Ah, surely age has been drawing its misty fingers through my perceptions, or I should have discovered this earlier, for over those disfigured features there have still been the gleamings of their former brightness. But Verni," he at length added, "am I to have no share in the joy of your redemption? In losing Herbert Allen, do I also lose the son of my affection?" "Oh no, no!" and Verni Everill now sprung to the embrace of his friend. "To you I owe it all. But for your kindness I had been a blasted outcast, stricken alike from fame, and from ambition, and from hope. My father, let us bear him to a more quiet apartment, and there I will explain all that has led to the present moment."

It was a brief, but to the parties interesting explanation. At his last interview with his patron, Verni had rushed from his house only to seek the youth, to whose care some projected amusement had induced him to transfer his mission. It was of course a vain search, and it was then that the consciousness of having forfeited that high trust of character, which could alone have supported his *unattested* assertion, burst upon him with a maddening power. Nothing now was before him but despair and shame—no anchor was left him upon which his soul might rest in this hour of tempest. A company was levying for the reinforcement of the army, and he entered it as a volunteer. Called almost immediately to the field, he was conveyed from it mangled and senseless, to the dull environs of a hospital. Here he had leisure for many a bitter and agonizing, yet in the end salutary thought. When he at length rose from his couch of suffering, it was to behold himself but the changed and repulsive remnant of what he was. A vague and dreamlike thought gradually assuming form and strength, stole over his soul. "For the sake of my father," he mused, "I have been cherished in folly and spared in shame. I will yet stand redeemed by myself alone.—Amid the very household where I have forfeited my claim to respect—beneath the very eye, that has witnessed my follies and my debasement, I will yet rise to confidence and to esteem." With his earliest return of strength, he devoted himself with an intensity of purpose that

overcome every obstacle, to those branches of knowledge, in which he had been found most palpably deficient, till a perfect restoration to health enabled him at length, to seek the dwelling of Major Worthington. No one recognized him, and assuming the baptismal names of his two brothers, as talismanic, as well as familiar sounds, he obtained the servile employment, from which he trusted to his own efforts for future exemption.

'Your purpose has been more than fulfilled,' said Major Worthington, who had found in the happiness of the past hour a more efficient medicine than the proudest attainment of the healing art; 'and now, as you see I am quite able to bear all of joyful agitation, that earth can afford, you may certainly permit me at last to see my beloved Avoline. It is fit, my dear Everill, that you should have a share in my children, as I in yours.' With a countenance, which if not yet altogether restored to its original beauty, was instinct with high feeling and the better radiance of recent joy, though an occasional shadow still told of some unquiet thought, Verni Everill conducted Avoline to her uncle's pillow. Major Worthington presented her to his friend with all the pride of paternal affection. 'Avoline,' he now said, as he drew her fondly towards him, 'Edward once told me that your early life was spent in the immediate neighborhood of Verni Everill—that he was the favorite associate of your childhood—your champion at school—and that you indeed owed your life to the intrepidity with which, at the risk of his own, he snatched you from a lake of ice that was parting beneath your feet. Is this so?' Ah, that blush is sufficient answer. I suppose then, my dear, you will find no difficulty in regarding this, his father, as your own. Verni Everill, who has followed him to this new world, yet regards you with affection, and it only remains for you to subscribe to a covenant that shall unite our families by yet another bond.' Avoline's color went and came, but her dark eye was lifted with a full and serene expression to her uncle's face. 'Verni Everill,' she said in a tone of mild solemnity, 'was once exceedingly dear to me; and I shall ever think of him with gratitude and interest; but, my dear uncle, in seeking longer to veil affections, that have a deeper fount than the partialities of childhood, I should be unworthy of your trust. From the idea of a union with Herbert Allen I once recoiled, but time has taught me far different sentiments. To his virtues I owe this solemn and free avowal; and to him,' she continued, as her pure soft eye was now turned timidly towards him, 'to him, to whom I owe your preservation, dearer even than my own—if he yet value the gift—do I now proffer the heart which you, my more than father, but lately wished me to yield him.'

Verni Everill spoke not, but in the look with which he clasped the hand that was half extended towards him, there was the utterance of a joy, mocking the power of language, while Major Worthington caught her delightedly to his heart. 'All is now consummated,' he exclaimed; 'I have nothing more to wish of earthly happiness. Avoline, my child, your feelings are too sacred to be tampered with. In this devotion to real worth you have no cherished memories—no once-bright visions to sacrifice. In him to whom you now pledge your faith behold the object of your attachment—in Herbert Allen recognize and acknowledge Verni Everill!—Here, Verni, bear her to the air—you may choose your own manner of explanation. You will recollect I am an invalid, and the conversation of

lovers is any thing but strengthening.' 'Verni Everill!' murmured the bewildered maiden, as her betrothed, pressing her passionately to his heart, bore her from the apartment. 'He, whose image was for long years perpetually at my side—whose memory I have indeed cherished with a love, that but for the strange resemblance you occasionally bore him, had scarcely yielded to virtues not his. Verni—Herbert, whichever you are—Oh! solve this dream of mystery!' Hours rolled away, and still our lovers had retraced but a small part of the eventful Past.

Major Worthington slept calmly and refreshingly—and in the apartment of the dying soldier, whose path no human eye had marked with interest, Howard Everill spent the long watches of the night in seeking to administer hope and strength to the parting spirit. The morning light at last broke upon that forest garrison, and with the shadows of night passed the struggling soul of the soldier—if not in that rejoicing faith to whose eye the glories of heaven are already unveiled, in that trembling hope which prayer and penitence pour over the spirit. And while those around him were wakening to the varied excitements of the new day, Howard Everill, alone in that chamber of death, now lifted up the voice of thanksgiving with a joy, only less holy—less ineffable than that of the *just made perfect*, exclaiming in the beautiful language of the parable, 'My son was dead but is alive again—he was lost but is found.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

See here I hold a Bible in my hand, and you see the cover, the leaves, the letters, the words; but you do not see the writers, or the printer, the letter founder, the ink-maker, the paper-maker, or the binder. You never did see them, you never will see them, and yet not one of you will think of disputing or denying the being of these men. I go further. I affirm that you see the very souls of these men in seeing this book, and you feel yourself obliged to allow that they had skill, contrivance, design, memory, fancy, reason, and so on. In the same manner, if you see a picture, you judge there was a painter; if you see a house, you judge there was a builder of it; and if you see one room contrived for this purpose, and another for that, a door to enter, a window to admit light, a chimney to hold fire, you conclude the builder was a person of skill and forecast, who formed the house, with a view to the accommodation of its inhabitants.—In this manner examine the world, and pity the man, who, when he sees the sign of the wheat-sheaf, hath sense enough to know that there is a joiner, and somewhere a painter; but who, when he sees the wheat-sheaf itself, is so stupid as not to say to himself, this had a wise and good Creator.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread.—There is nothing so distant from all natural rule and natural claim as the reluctant—the backward sympathy—the forced smile—the checked conver-

tion—the hesitating compliance, the well off are too apt to manifest to those a little down; with whom, in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.

The Quaker.—A Quaker who had the command of a trading vessel, had to encounter an enemy's lugger on his voyage. His principles forbade him to fight direct: he therefore resigned the command to the mate. In the course of the action, however things did not go to his liking, and he addressed the mate in the following manner: 'If thou meanest to beat the enemy, friend, thou shouldst point the guns a little more aloft.'

Dr. Bushby, whose figure is beneath the common size, was one day accosted in a public coffee house by an Irish baronet of colossal stature, with 'May I pass to my seat, O giant?' When the doctor politely made way, and replied, 'Pass, O Pigmy.' 'O, sir,' said the baronet, 'my expression alluded to the size of your intellect.' 'And my expression,' said the doctor, 'to the size of yours.'

One Letter!—A letter was lately found, in which one friend spoke so freely of another that it led to an irreconcilable quarrel. 'I am surprised,' observed W., 'that such bitter hostility should arise out of so trivial a cause.' 'I am not at all,' replied J.; 'it is quite natural, for a friend becomes a fiend if you drop a letter.'

An English sailor went to see a juggler exhibit some of his tricks. There happened to be a quantity of gunpowder in the apartment underneath, which took fire and blew up the house. The sailor was thrown into a garden behind, where he fell without hurt.—He stretched his arms and legs, got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and then cried out, [conceiving what had happened to be only part of the performance, and perfectly willing to go through the whole,] 'I wonder what the devil the fellow will do next!'

When a lawyer on his passage to Europe, was walking the deck, it having blown pretty hard the preceding day, a shark was playing by the ship;—having never seen such an object before, he called to one of the sailors to tell him what it was. 'Why,' replied the tar, 'I don't know what name they know 'em by ashore, but here we call 'em SEA LAWYERS.'

Delicate Appetite.—A dandy having taken it into his head to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he never ate any in his life, he answered, 'Yes, ma'am, I once eat a pea!'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1833.

Whale Ships.—The *Ship America*, Capt. Cottle, arrived in New-York, from the Pacific Ocean, on Tuesday, the 23d ult. with 3,200 barrels of Sperm Oil. The *America* is owned by our citizens, and was manned principally by young men from this city and county, who never before were out sight of land, and who with the aid of experienced officers have made a voyage worth at least \$30,000.

The *Alexander Mansfield*, Capt. Tabor, arrived at this port from the South Atlantic, on Thursday, the 25th ult. with 1,600 barrels of oil, 150 of which are Sperm and 12,000 lbs. of Whale bone.

The *James Monroe*, Capt. Coffin, a beautiful Ship of 425 tons burthen, making the ninth fitted out by our enterprising citizens, sailed from this port on Tuesday last, fitted for the Sperm Whale Fishery.

The Hire.—This is the title of a neat little semi-monthly miscellany, recently commenced at Waltham, Mass. by S. B. Emmons—Terms, \$1 per year, payable in advance. Persons wishing to subscribe are requested to address a line to the Post Master in Waltham.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

TENTH VOLUME.

(First, New Series) Enlarged and Improved;

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 8th of June, 1833, will be issued the first number of a new series of the *RURAL REPOSITORY*.

On issuing proposals for the Tenth Volume, First new series of the *Repository*, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgments to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which has induced him to offer to his patrons and the public generally, an enlarged and improved sheet at the same low and convenient rate as heretofore, which he does in the fullest confidence of meeting in an increased patronage an ample remuneration for his continued exertions to render his paper a pleasing and instructive companion, and enable it to vie in point of cheapness and interest with any literary journal now extant. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say that no pains nor expense, consistent with a reasonable compensation for his labor, shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement; and that original contributions from able writers, and choice selections from the best periodicals, both European and American, may be confidently expected.

The *RURAL REPOSITORY* will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 212 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with new bourgeois and brevier type, each number containing at least one quarter more matter than heretofore; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, the contents of which will be both amusing and instructive to youth in future years.

TERMS.—The Tenth Volume, (First new series) will commence on the 8th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar, Fifty Cents*, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies and one copy of the Ninth volume. *No* subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 10th of July, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher,

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, N. Y. May 4, 1833.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a passing notice, and receive Subscriptions.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office from Agents and others, ending May 1st.

W. G. Tins, Coxsackie, N. Y. \$1; P. Becker, Livingston, N. Y. \$1; N. Raymond, Elba, N. Y. \$1; B. Brownell, Hamilton, N. Y. \$1; M. Alzar, Hartsville, Ms. \$2; E. Stoddard, New-York, \$1; J. Stott, Stockport, N. Y. \$1;

SUMMARY.

New Post Office.—A new Post Office has been established at Smoky Hollow, in the town of Claverack, called the 'Smoky Hollow Post Office,' of which John M. Smith, Esq. has been appointed Post Master.

The Life of Mrs. Siddons, chiefly taken from her manuscripts, by Campbell, the poet, is nearly ready for the press.

A Great Gale!—Mr. Gale, an actor, and Mr. Febly, Manager of the Warren Theatre, have got at loggerheads through the Boston papers.

MARRIED,

In Charleston, (Mass.) Mr. Robert Canada to Mrs. Lucinda Parks. This woman has accomplished what Gen. Hull and all his army could not—*She has taken Canada!*

DIED,

At Waterbury, Capt. Walter Judd, a soldier of the revolution.

POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

CUPID.

A translation of one of the odes of Anacreon.

He of the golden bow,
 In Flora's gay parterre,
 Did not see
 A little Bee,
 That lay reposing there.
 Not long in idle sports,
 Did he thus happily linger,
 For he felt the smart
 Of the insect's dart,
 Just thro' his rosy finger.
 Upsprung the god of love,
 'O dear loved mother Venus,
 'Your darling son
 'Is sure undone—
 'I've not known pain *hactenus*.'
 'O, son (thus Venus spoke)
 'Since thus you're sorely grieved,
 'You may know what pain,
 'Full many a swain,
 'From you has oft received.'

OSMAR.

A volume of poems by Miss H. F. Gould, of Newburyport, published in Boston, has lately reached a second edition—a piece of good fortune which few writers of verse on this side of the water have met with. That this popularity is not undeserved, the following graceful and spirited poem will testify.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

'I am a Pebble! and yield to none!
 Were the swelling words of a tiny stone,
 'Nor time, nor season can alter me;
 I am abiding while ages flee,
 The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
 Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
 And the tender dew has sought to melt,
 Or touch my heart; but it was not felt;
 There's none that can tell about my birth,
 For I am as old as the big round earth.
 The children of men arise, and pass
 Out of the world, like a blade of grass;
 And many a foot on me has trod,
 That's gone from sight, and under the sod!
 I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
 Rattling along the restless bough?'
 The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
 And lay for a moment abashed and mute.
 She never before had been so near
 This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere.
 And she felt for a time at a loss to know
 How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
 But to give reproof of a nobler sort
 Than the angry look or the keen retort.
 At length she said in a gentle tone,
 'Since it has happened that I am thrown
 From the lighter element, where I grew,
 Down to another so hard and new,
 And beside a personage so august,
 Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
 And quickly retire from the side of one
 Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
 Nor the gentle dew nor the grinding heel
 Has ever subdued or made to feel!
 And soon in the earth she sunk away
 From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.
 But it was not long ere the soil was broke
 By the peeping head of an infant oak!
 And, as it rose and its branches spread,
 The Pebble looked up, and wondering said,
 'A modest Acorn! never to tell
 What was enclosed in its simple shell;
 That the pride of the forest was folded up
 In the narrow space of its little cup,
 And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
 Which prove that nothing could hide her worth!

And oh! how many will tread on me,
 To come and admire the beautiful tree,
 Whose head is towering towards the sky,
 Above such a worthless thing as I!
 Useless and vain a cumberer here,
 I have been idling from year to year.
 But never from this shall a vaunting word
 From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
 Till something about me, or within,
 Shall show the purpose for which I've been!
 The Pebble its vow could not forget,
 And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Oh if there is one law above the rest
 Written in wisdom—if there is a word
 That I would trace as with a pen of fire,
 Upon the unsunned temper of a child—
 If there is any thing that keeps the mind
 Open to Angel visits, and repels
 The Ministry of ill—'tis human love!
 God has made nothing worthy of contempt.
 The smallest pebble in the well of truth
 Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand
 When man's best moments wear fast away.
 The law of Heaven is love, and though its name
 Has been usurped by passion and profaned
 To its unholy uses through all time,
 Still the eternal principle is pure:
 And in these deep affections that we feel
 Omnipotent within us, we but see
 The lavish measures in which love is given.
 And in the yearning tenderness of a child
 For every bird that sings above its head,
 And every creature feeding on the hill,
 And every tree and flower, and running brook
 We see how every thing was made to love,
 And how they err who in a world like this
 Find any thing to hate but human pride.

VANITY.

I gazed upon a female form
 As youth and wealth had found her,
 The glow upon her cheek was warm,
 And beauty's charm was round her.
 Her eye was bright, her brow was fair,
 But something still was wanting;
 Vanity had made its inroads there,
 The thought—the mind—were wanting.

ENIGMAS.

Answers to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Unite.

PUZZLE II.—All-most.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a boy that takes after his mother like a soldier?

II.

Why is a blind beggar like a wig?

Coffin's Poems.

Just published, and for sale at A. Stoddard's Bookstore, the Miscellaneous Poems of the late William A. Coffin, of this city.

WANTED.

At this Office, a smart, active lad, from 12 to 14 years of age.

Rural Repository.

Is published every other Saturday by WM. B. STODDARD, Hudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable in advance. Persons forwarding FIVE DOLLARS, shall receive Six Copies.—The volume will be embellished with Copperplate Engravings, and a Table page and Index will be furnished at the end of the year.
 All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.